

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY D. D. FISKE, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.—No. 5.]

CONCORD, N. H. FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1835.

[WHOLE No. 31.]

SELECTIONS.

We not long since published the amusing story of the SLEIGH-RIDE. We now give the COURTSHIP, by the same writer.

COURTSHIP.

After my sleigh ride, last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me curse and swear and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one again, to all eternity—O, but I was wicked. "Darn and blast their eyes, says I. Blame their skins—torment their hearts and darn them to darnation." Finally I took an oath and swore that if I ever meddled or had any dealings with them again, (in the sparking line I mean) I wished I might be hung and choaked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house chock full of gals, all shining and glittering in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog shop. It's all smoke.

I held out and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays. Forenoons, a'ternoons and intermissions complete. On the fourth there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting house, with a new patent hat on, his head hung by the ears upon a shirt collar; his cravat had a pudding in it and branched out in front, into a double-bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprung his body forward, like a jackknife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers and take my coat tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog.

Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how, they are so nigh matched that they have hated and despised each other, like rank poison, ever since they were school-girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great bible, when he heard a rap at his door.—"Walk in. Well, John, how der do? Get out, Pompey. Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire, how do you do? Why, so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop—haul up a chair and set down, John."

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones? O, middlin, how's yer marm? Don't forget the mat there Mr Beedle." This put me in mind that I had

been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones' turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say who in the world is it?" Mrs. Jones going close to his ear screamed out, "It's Johnny Beedle." "Ho—Johnny Beedle, I remember, he was one summer at the siege of Boston." "No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty years." "Ho—but where does he come from?" "down, town." "Ho—and what does he follow for livin'?" And he did not stop asking questions after this sort till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones' last screech. He then sunk back into a doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andiron; the cat squat down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow birch forestick. Sally sat up prim as if she were pinned to the chair back; her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap. But they would not lay still. I was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she could to keep them quiet, they would bounce up, now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over my left and said "hem." Then I changed, and put the left leg over the right. It was no use; the silence kept coming thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl over me. I got my eye on my hat hanging on a peg, on the road to the door. At this moment the old Captain, all at once, sung out, "Johnny Beedle!" It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up an eend.—"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle such a drum stick as your father did, if you live to the age of Matusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was wherlin' in the air, take off a gill of rum, and then catch it as it come down, without losing a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But pull your chair round, close along side er me so yer can hear. Now, what have you come a'ter? I—a'ter?—O, jest takin' a walk. Pleasant walkin' I guess. I mean jest to see how ye all do. Ho—That's another lie. You've come a courtin', Johnny Beedle, ye're a'ter our

Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry or only to court?"

This was what I call a choaker. Poor Sally made but one jump and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and the ice being broke, plenty of chat with mammy Jones about the minister and the 'sarmon.' I agreed with 'her to a nicity, upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse, but six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery, that day. But mum—there was no getting that out of me. "Praise to the face is often a disgrace," says I throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also made some pretty cute guesses at what it was like to be in future. At first, I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma, and semi-colon, and at last, it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself fast by the side of her.

"I swow, Sally, you looked so plaguey handsome to day, that I wanted to eat you up." "Pshaw, get along you," says she. My hand had crept along, somehow upon its fingers and began to scrape an acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. "Try it again"—no better luck. "Why, Miss Jones, you're getting upstropulous, a little old maidish, I guess." "Hands off is fair play Mr. Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky, I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it I fell to running her down to a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now, not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me; so I must go poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth which gave my face something the look of a gridiron.

The battle now began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally give me a kiss, and ha' done with

it now. I won't, so there, nor tetch to. I'll take it, whether or no. Do it if you dare." And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the last bout smash went shirt collars, and at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down into a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver. It parted at the throat, and whorrah, came a whole school of blue and white beads, scampering and running races every which way, about the floor.

By the Hokey; if Sally Jones is'n't real grit, then there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite nor scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.

Consarn it, how a buss will crack, of a still frosty night. Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake. "There goes my yeast bottle, says she to herself—burst into twenty hundred pieces, and my bread is dough again."

The upshot of the matter is I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones' door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choaked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder.—*Portland Adv.*

THE RATTLESNAKE.

The "Yemassee," by the author of Guy Rivers, from the press of Cary & Lee, Philadelphia, contains some powerful passages. The following description of the mode in which the rattlesnake is supposed to exercise the singular property ascribed to it of *charming* its victim, is related with much force and effect. Elizabeth Matthews is in a dense and secluded wood, awaiting the arrival of her lover:

"He does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming that barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump, around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and with an incoherent sense of what she saw she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which she had no thought for at the moment. Things grew indistinct to her wandering eye; the thot' was turned inward; and the musing spirit de-

nying the governing sense to the external spirit and conductors, they failed duly to appreciate the forms that floated and guided before them.

In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled untroubled by a fear in wanton circles round the head; and the blacksnake with the rapidity of an arrow darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was singularly impressed with one object, peering out at intervals from the little brush beneath it. She saw, or thought she saw, at moments, through the bright green of the leaves, a star like glance, a small bright ray, subtle, share, beautiful; an eye of the leaf itself darting the most searching looks into her own. Now the leaves shook and the vines waved elastically and in beautiful forms before her, but the star like eye was there, bright and gorgeous, and still glancing up to her own, how beautiful, how strange, did it appear to the maiden.

She watched it still with a dreaming sense but with a spirit strangely attracted by its beauty—with a feeling in which awe and admiration were equally commingled. She could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow and from which it gleamed so brilliantly; but once, as she approached, she heard a shrill scream from the tree above her; such a scream as the mock bird makes, when, angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unwakened to full consciousness, it repelled her approach. More than once in her survey of this strange object had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star like eye was yet upon her own; a small bright eye quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her as if wooing her to seize.

At another moment, rivetted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzling bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own; there it grew, fixed; a very principle of light; and such a light; a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating, light, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting, directly into her own, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination; and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated, and hung so much like drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell bound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure; her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradu-

al freeze of vein by vein throughout her person.

At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of a tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry, as it were of warning, above her, flew away from his station, with a scream more piercing than ever. This moment had the effect, for which it seemed really intended of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich—star-like glance still rivetted her own, and the subtle fascination still kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and leaned backward against the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but for a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested; the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid but dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had been associated. She was conscious enough to discriminate and to perceive, but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy.—There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and seemingly in a spirit of sport, he slowly wound himself from the coil, then immediately, the next moment, again gathered himself into its muscular masses; the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving that paralyzing sound, which once heard, is remembered forever.

The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terror. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her, its fatal teeth unfolding on either side of its jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination malignantly bright, by which paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Then the next moment, recovering quickly, it would resume its folds, and with arching neck, which now glittered like a bar of brazen copper, and fixed eye, continue, calmly as it were, to contemplate the victim of its secret venom, the pendulous rattle ringing the death note as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is at hand. Its various folds were now complete—the coil forming a series of knots; the muscles now and then rising rigidly into a hill,

now corded down by the pressure of another of its folds into a valley. These suddenly unclasp, in the general effort to strike its enemy, give it that degree of impetus which enables it to make its stroke as fatal, at the full extent of its own length, as when suddenly invaded, its head is simply elevated and the blow given.

The glance of Bess Matthews this moment upon her enemy, assured her that the sport of the deadly reptile was about to cease. She could not now mistake the fearful expression of its eye. She strove to scream, but her voice died away in her throat. Her lips were sealed; she sought to fly but her limbs were palsied; she had nothing left of life but its consciousness, and in despair of escape, forced from her by the accumulated agony: she sunk down upon the grass before her enemy; her eyes however, still open and still looking upon those which he directed forever upon them. She saw him approach—now advancing, now receding, now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck was arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb; until at length tired as it were, of play like the cat with its victim, she saw the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed when about to strike, the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she saw no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the monster!

In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow, piercing him through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, resting upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Oconestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse, as the snake fell, and with a stick, fearlessly approached him when he lay writhing upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, while shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned recklessly round, and striking his fangs so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over upon his back with a single convulsion, and a moment after lay dead upon the person of the maiden.

THE BROTHERS.

A Tale.

I murdered him—I do not rave,—
And then I left him to his sleep;
Not in a narrow tomb or grave
But in the boundless ocean deep.
Yet, once I fondly loved the Boy
Whom I have sent to dreamless rest,

And now to bring him back to joy
Would wring the life drop from my breast.

To see those bleaching bones unite
And take the form of human clay,
I'd gladly feel death's withering blight
And press the couch on which he lay.
Yet marvel not that I have slain
The one so wound around my soul,—
The fiend who long had slumbering lain
Aroused with power beyond control.

I bear the branding mark of Cain
Upon my brow and on my heart,—
It is a dark and murderous stain
That time can never bid depart.
And oh, it was a brother, true,
Who loved me more than I can tell,
Yes, 'twas a brother whom I slew,
For whom these throbs of anguish swell;
'Twas night when we together strayed
Beside the rolling ocean wide,
The moonbeams o'er the water played,
And soft the murmur'ing sea-breeze sighed.
We were two brothers, and the last
Of what was once a numerous race,
But all away from earth had passed,
And we alone stood in their place.

In peace we shared our princely Hall,
And our domain so rich and wide,
Each then obeyed the other's call,
And each had for his brother died.
But we were all unlike in mood,
Unlike in form and mould,
He was so gentle, mild and good,
I, over fierce and bold.
And yet he was so strangely brave,
In danger fearless, firm,
He would have died a life to save,
Yet spared the shrinking worm.
We walked together on that night,
As I before have told,
When all the stars were shining bright,
And forth the moon shone cold.
He was not sad, as wont, that eve,
Nor turned from joy apart;
His dark eye danced in liquid light,
So happy was his heart.
I felt my soul go forth to his,
And mingle in his joy,
Nor dreamed not then that I could dim
The beauty of that boy.
As close we pressed each other's side
Along that rolling sea,
He spoke of her who soon his bride,
His own true bride would be.
I read within that beaming eye
Of love that spurned control,
As forth he poured the gushing stream
That long had filled his soul.
And when I gazed upon his brow,
So lofty, pure and bright,
I knew that Love whenever given
Had met with sweet requite;
For beauty's seal upon that brow
Was set in tracing fair,
And none but lofty, high-soul'd thoughts,
Had found a record there.
But when upon my ear he breathed
That cherished lov'd one's name,
Then bitter hatred round me wreathed
With all its scorching flame.

I gave him curses long and deep,—
From murderous lips they fell;
In vain he sought my rage to soothe—
My wrath he could not quell.
The demon that so long had slept,
Within my heart awoke,
And o'er my brother horror crept,
As fierce that wrath out broke.
For he had dared to look on her
Whose love I longed to claim,
And she would that boy's love prefer;
That thought aroused the flame.
I rudely seized the clustering hair
That round his forehead played,
And oft thought I a hand more fair
Amid those locks had strayed.
"What means my brother!" that deep voice
Still falls upon my ear,
It was so fraught with agony,
Yet void of aught like fear.
"For Ella's sake, Oh, spare my life,
My brother tell my sin?
And I will kneel in sorrow here
A pardoning word to win."
That name aroused my warring rage
And woke dark hate's deep flood,
My heart was as the demon's, hard,
And thirsted for his blood,
Again I seized his clustering hair,
I hurled him from the steep,
And still I hear the echoing shriek
Come up from out that deep.

"I murdered him,"—and wed the bride
Of one who was the fishes' prey;
But not till she in silence sighed
And sadly wept for him away.
At length she rightly deemed him dead,
But thought not mine the murderer's guilt,
She deem'd not I his soul had sped,
Or that my hand his life had spilt.
I wooed her long, and though my heart
Was darkened by the trace of sin,
I strove by many ways of art
That lonely maiden's love to win.
For oh, I loved and oft a gleam
Of hope would light my moody eye,
And then like him I seem, for whom
Her heart still sent the heavy sigh.

I had a dream upon that night,
When first I claimed my brother's bride,
It seemed my very sense to blight,
It was so deep in horror dyed.
I woke, and knew that in my sleep
I had a full confession made,
And that my lip to Ella's ear,
At length had guilt, dark guilt betrayed.
I spoke, but Ella was not near—
I knew that she had sought the sea,
For in my sleep I'd told the place,
Where that dark deed was done by me
I knew she'd gone to share his sleep
Within that bridal chamber wide,
And death had paid a fitting right,
For that dead Bridegroom and his Bride.

Schenectady Reflector.

Some prejudices seem to be to the mind
what the atmosphere is to the body; we cannot
feel without the one, nor breathe without
the other.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

EDINBURGH.

By N. P. Willis.

It is an odd place, Edinboro'. The old town and the new are separated by a broad and deep ravine, planted with trees and shrubbery; and across this, on a level with the streets on either side, stretches a bridge of a most giddy height, without which all communication would apparently be cut off. "Auld Reekie" itself looks built on the back-bone of a ridgy crag, and towers along on the opposite side of the ravine, running up its twelve-story houses to the sky in an ascending curve, till it terminates in the frowning and battlemented castle, whose base is literally on a mountain top in the midst of a city. At the foot of this ridge, in the lap of the valley, lies Holyrood-house; and between this and the castle runs a single street, part of which is the old Cannongate. Princes' street, the Broadway of the new town, is built along the opposite edge of the ravine facing the long, many-windowed walls of the Cannongate, and from every part of Edinboro' these singular features are conspicuously visible. A more striking contrast than exists between these two parts of the same city could hardly be imagined. On one side a succession of splendid squares, elegant granite houses, broad and well-paved streets, columns, statues, and clean sidewalks, thinly promennaded and by the well-dressed exclusively—a kind of wholly grand and half-deserted city, which has been built too ambitiously for its population—and on the other, an antique wilderness of streets and "wynds," so narrow and lofty as to shut out much of the light of heaven; a thronging, busy, and particularly dirty population, sidewalks almost impassable from children and other respected nuisances; and altogether, between the irregular and massive architecture, and the unintelligible jargon agonizing the air about you, a most outlandish and strange city. Paris is not more unlike Constantinople than one side of Edinboro' is unlike the other. Nature has properly placed "a great gulf" between them.

We toiled up to the castle to see the sunset. Oh, but it was beautiful! I have no idea of describing it; but Edinboro', to me, will be a picture seen through an atmosphere of powdered gold, mellow as an eve on the campagna. We look down on the surging sea of architecture below us, and whether it was the wavy cloudiness of a myriad of reeking chimneys, or whether it was a fancy Glenlivet-born in my eye, the city seemed to me like a troop of war-horses, rearing into the air with their gallant riders. The singular boldness of the hills on which it is built, and of the crags and mountains which look down upon it, and the impressive *lift* of its towering architecture into the sky, give altogether a look of pride and warlikeness that answers peculiarly to the chivalric history of Scotland. And so much for the first look at "Auld Reekie."

My friend had determined to have what he called a "flare-up" of a Scotch breakfast, and we were set down the morning after our arri-

val, at nine, to cold grouse, salmon, cold beef, marmalade, jellies, honey, five kinds of bread, oatmeal cakes, coffee, tea and toast; and I am by no means sure that that is all. It is a fine country in which one gets so much by the simple order of "breakfast at nine."

We parted after having achieved it, my companion going before me to Dunbartonshire; and, with a "wee callant" for a guide, I took my way to Holyrood.

At the very foot of Edinboro' stands this most interesting of royal palaces—a fine old pile, though at the first view rather disappointing. It might have been in the sky, which was dun and cold, or it might have been in the melancholy story most prominent in its history, but it oppressed me with its gloom. A rosy ciccone in petticoats stepped out from the porter's lodge, and rather brightened my mood with her smile and courtesy, and I followed on to the chapel royal, built, heaven knows when, but in a beautiful state of gothick ruin. The girl went on with her knitting and her well-drilled recitation of the sights upon which those old fretted and stone traceries had let in the light; and I walked about feeding my eyes upon its hoar and touching beauty, listening little till she came to the high altar, and in the same broad Scotch monotone, and with her eyes still upon her work, hurried over something about Mary Queen of Scots. She was married to Darnley on the spot where I stood! The mechanical guide was accustomed evidently to an interruption here, and stood silent a minute or two to give my surprise the usual grace. Poor, poor Mary! I had the common feeling, and made probably the same ejaculation that thousands have made on the spot, but I had never before realized the melancholy romance of her life half so nearly. It had been the sadness of an hour before—a feeling laid aside with the book that recorded it—now it was, as it were a pity and a grief for the living, and I felt struck with it as if it had happened yesterday. If Rizzio's harp had sounded from her chamber, it could not have seemed more tangibly a scene of living story.

"And through this door they dragged the murdered favorite; and here, under this stone he was buried!"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor Rizzio!"

"I'm thinkin' that's a', sir!"

It was a broad hint, but I took another turn down the nave of the old ruin, and another look at the scene of the murder, and the grave of the victim.

"And this door communicated with Mary's apartments?"

"Yes—ye hae it a' the noo!"

I paid my shilling, and exit.

On inquiry for the private apartments, I was directed to another Girzy, who took me up to a suit of rooms appropriated to the use of the earl of Breadalbane, and furnished very much like lodgings for a guinea a week in London.

"And which was Queen Mary's chamber?"

"Ech! sir! It's t'ither side. I dinna show that?"

"And what am I brought here for?"

"Ye cam' yerself!"

With this wholesome truth, I paid my shill-

ing again, and was handed over to another woman, who took me into a large hall containing portraits of Robert Bruce, Baliol, Macbeth, and Queen Mary, and some forty other men and women famous in Scotch story; and nothing is clearer than that one patient person sat to the painter for the whole. After "doing" these, I was led with extreme deliberativeness through a suite of unfinished rooms, twelve, I think, the only interest of which was their having been tenanted of late by the royal exile of France. As if anybody would give a shilling to see where Charles the tenth slept and breakfasted?

I thanked heaven that I stumbled next upon the right person, and was introduced into an ill-lighted room, with one deep window looking upon the court, and a fire-place like that of a country inn—the state chamber of the unfortunate Mary. Here was a chair she embroidered—there was a seat of tarnished velvet, where she sat in state with Darnley—the very grate in the chimney that she had sat before—the mirror in which her fairest face had been imaged—the table at which she had worked—the walls on which her eyes had rested in her gay and her melancholy hours—all, save the touch and mould of time, as she lived in it and left it. It was a place for a thousand thoughts.

The woman led on. We entered another room—her chamber. A small, low bed, with tattered hangings of red and figured silk, tall, ill-shapen posts, and altogether a paltry look, stood in a room of irregular shape; and here, in all her peerless beauty, she had slept. A small cabinet, a closet merely, opened on the right, and in this she was supping with Rizzio, when he was plucked from her and murdered. We went back to the audience-chamber to see the stain of his blood on the floor. She partitioned it off after his death, not bearing to look upon it. Again—"poor Mary!"

On the opposite side was a similar closet, which served as her dressing-room, and the small mirror, scarce larger than your hand, which she used at her toilet. Oh for a magic wand, to wave back, upon that senseless surface, the visions of beauty it has reflected.

New York Mirror.

NEW ENGLAND SCENERY AND CHARACTER.

In Europe, men travel hundreds, yea thousands of miles to look at a patch of landscape, a tumbling water-fall, a magnificent sea-beach, or a pile of mountains, which in this country, would be hardly mentioned in a newspaper, a guide-book or a gazetteer. We ourselves have gone fifty miles and devoted nearly a week to the contemplation of scenery about Dorking, Surrey, so like some thing we had been familiar with from our childhood, that now, it appears wonderful how we could have forgotten or overlooked it. Go to the top of Mountjoy for example—a sort of old-fashioned hill, overlooking Portland from the North and East, toward sunset, in a warm summer afternoon or early in the fall; and cast your eyes down the bay, with its hundreds of islets, of every possible size and form, afloat in

the fog—their scattered trees—and piled rocks—and greenest of shores—appearing and disappearing upon the eye as the wind shifts, or the shadows alter—and then go abroad if you dare in search of the beautiful, the picturesque, or the wonderful among what we love to regard as the pictures of God Almighty.

There is nothing on earth more beautiful in their way, than our rough landscapes, overgrown with wild roses—oceans of white weed—thistle and buttercup, with here and there a bit of a school-house, lurking in a by-corner, where two roads come together, nobody knows how—miles of stone-wall, overgrown with bramble and decayed foliage—with endless varieties of board, post and rail, zig zag, or virginia and slab, or better than all that—stump fences whithersoever you turn your eye. Upon all this, the fog, of which people complain so much, works with the power of enchantment. It is the softener of the landscape-painter, the grey floating mist of the poet—blending and sweetening the whole—and strengthening every spot of landscape with varieties of shadow and light, never heard of under a clear atmosphere; giving breadth to every object—and a visible atmosphere to the fluctuating whole. These little school-houses have been most happily called the *fortifications* of new England. They are so—and I know of nothing more peculiar. Strange, and as I have said before, *beautiful*, are the wild, rough, and I may as well say it—savage-looking landscapes of New England, where nobody owns a large farm, or a large house—and the sea-shore is always in sight of the tall tree-tops, whenever a boy gets weary of dropping corn, or hilling potatoes, and is ready to seek his fortune—he knows not how, he cares not where. It is in such parts of New England, that we are to look for the New England character—no where else. The interior produces another sort of men—brave—cold-blooded—faithful—and earnest; but no such New-Englanders, as the settlers of Old-Plymouth were—men coming from the sea-shore, and settling on the sea-shore, as upon their natural heritage. They were the original, and their descendants are the most remarkable and unaltered of all the New Englanders. What commerce and wealth have done for the towns—agriculture and wealth have done for the country—changed the natural disposition of the people. If you would understand the true New England character, therefore, go among those who live within smell of the sea—among those who are fishermen and farmers at one and the same time—always poor, always hard-working—and always unchangeable.

N. E. Galary.

When, after the Battle of Aumale, in which Henry the fourth of France was wounded, he inquired from the officers collected round his bed, what had passed subsequent to his having left the field, and found that no two agreed in their narratives, he exclaimed, "And yet thus it is that history must be written!"

Fontenelle said that women have a fibre more in the heart and a cell less in the brain, than men.

GENERAL LEAVENWORTH.

I remember, as distinctly as though it were yesterday, the arrival of General Leavenworth at our camp. It was a day of gladness, for it brought with it tidings that lit up joy in every soldier's breast—the promise of entering upon a campaign. He was a plain-looking old gentleman, tall, yet graceful, though stooping a little under the weight of perhaps threescore winters—affable and unassuming in society of his brother officers—mild and compassionate in his deportment towards those under his command—combining most happily the dignity of the commander with the moderation and humanity of the Christian and the modest and urbane deportment of the scholar and the gentleman. All loved him, for all had access to him,—and none that knew him could help but love him. As he entered our encampment, and sallied from tent to tent, heartily shaking the hands of his former associates, and bestowing smiles upon all who met him, I gazed upon the scene with peculiar sensations. He was a new inhabitant of our little world—one that brought tidings from a home and a land far away—and he was greeted with the sounds of unaffected welcome from every lip. Little thought we then that not even one short year would pass away before his remains would be carried to the tomb of his fathers! Short-lived, indeed, were the pleasures he anticipated in his new appointment, which, to a mind like his, capable of appreciating the glorious creations of nature in the boundless forests and prairies of the far—far West, would naturally give rise to the most agreeable anticipations. Immediately on his arrival, orders were issued to the regiment of infantry stationed at Fort Gibson, to send forward a detachment to make preparations on the route to facilitate the movements of the main body of cavalry, that were immediately to enter upon the summer's campaign; but the toils of our march had but scarcely commenced, when our beloved commander was attacked by one of the prevailing fevers of the West, and died surrounded by but eight or ten of his followers. Gaudy and imposing as was the pageant that paid the last token of respect to his memory here, it was still less imposing than the little band of ten that followed their General to the grave and laid his remains in the prairie at Camp Smith. There were no spectators, no thunder of artillery, no tolling of the solemn bell; but all was still and silent as the tomb itself. The Indian stream of the Washita glided by the spot on one side, and the unbroken level of the prairie verged to the horizon on the other. Humanity will ever pay tribute to his virtues, but it cannot exalt them; glory may hang the laurel wreath upon his tomb; the scroll of history will enroll his name upon her annals; but a brighter tribute to his virtues and his worth will remain graven upon the human heart while one lives that knew him. In the death of General Leavenworth, our army has lost a valuable officer, our country an estimable man, the world a philanthropist, and his friends a friend indeed.

J. H.

Parlour Magazine.

ECCENTRICITY OF GENIUS.

There is another error extant, which has been of very essential disadvantage to many. Because some poets, painters and other persons of highly gifted intellects, have been impelled by the strength of their vicious tendencies, to resort to practices at variance with the dictates of sound principle and holy feeling, it has been thought that such conduct on the part of these misguided individuals, was a sort of licence to all who conceived themselves similarly endowed, to indulge in like prostitution. Nothing can be more erroneous. 'The light which leads astray,' is generally, like the ignis fatuus, the light which is kindled from corruption. Genius is superior capability, and not low, earth-born desire. Its impulses, before it is prostituted, lead a man far away above the shadows of iniquity. Whenever a man of genius has wasted his resources about the precincts of corruption, it has been owing rather to the infirmities of his will and the weakness of his principles, than to any other cause. There is nothing peculiar to genius that induces its possessor to form unholy alliances. The cause of corruption must be sought in the weakness, and not in the strength of man's nature. And he who would establish a reputation by imitating the vices which have defiled great spirits, affords one of the most humiliating evidences of human infirmity.

The majority of men are the mere creatures of the circumstances in which they are placed. Men of original strength of native feelings and thought, are not so liable to be wind-blown, hither and thither, by every breath that agitates society. They are more firm of purpose, and generally are men of unchanging character. Hence, they have some regularities about them, which are not liable to those mutations which induce other men, chameleon like, to take their hue from whatever happens to surround them. They are eccentric because they are inflexible. And this is the only commendable species of eccentricity.

Intellectual greatness can never be inferred from eccentricities of conduct; as we every where see men who are not particularly remarkable for great mental exhibitions, whose habits are different from those of every other person. This consideration, of itself, ought to be a sufficient reason why an individual who aspires to distinction, should not suffer himself to ape the peculiarities of any one. If eccentricity be the result of uncommonly strong intellectual organization, we should attribute superiority to every odd personage we meet with. The idiot is the most remarkably eccentric being in the community, and yet no one thinks of voting him a genius. It is my opinion that eccentric habits are as frequently the results of defective as they are of superior organizations; and I think the observations of most persons will fully bear me out in the verdict. It is at the same time undeniably true, that persons of great intellects, very frequently manifest peculiarities of conduct, which grow out of their natures, and which reflect no disparagement on them.—*Cin. Mirror.*

BIOGRAPHICAL PUSILLANIMITY.

Original.

There appears to be a natural tendency among the illiterate and half-informed, as well as the learned who view "The baser side of literature and life," to believe that all who may differ from them in point of moral rectitude and intellectual research must be horribly bad and morally wrong. Men are apt to think that those around them are like themselves in almost every thing; that they must have the same opinions, reason from the same facts, and arrive at the same conclusions. Now it would be just what we might expect in biographers, to praise when their subjects agreed with them in opinion, and to censure on the contrary. It follows then as matter of course that we either have a description from them favorable or unfavorable, as the particular tastes and opinions of the author and subject may chance to agree or disagree.

To the man of association, to the scholar and patriot—the memorable era of 1825, will never pass the great arena of the human mind without suggesting the original worth and departed excellence of the much lamented Byron. The struggle of modern Greece, to maintain that intrepid and patriotic example, bequeathed them by their underrated progenitors, against the inhuman and cruel barbarity of the neighboring Turks, enlisted the warmest affections and deepest sympathies of this highly distinguished individual. At this important period the muses and all other objects minor to liberty itself received none of his attention. His heart throbbed high in response to philanthropy and virtue, and that same principle which bid La Fayette on to the assistance of the American colonies, prompted the English Lord to the Grecian rescue. Then after filling a seat in the parliament of his country with that dignity and manly energy due to the high honor of the station; after having produced those poetical effusions which will remain the admiration of the learned and the good as long as nerve shall arouse the noble passions, or wit find its kindred in the human heart; after having given a tone to English literature which will ever resound to his praises in the fondest enthusiasm; even here, engaged in the sacred cause of freedom, co-operating, not only in principle but in practice, with that republican benevolence which so much characterized the spirit of the age, for issue of the conflict, he yielded to that potent, stifling power, which seals the eyes and freezes the liquid current of vitality. Yet no sooner than "this mortal had put on immortality," when that tongue was made ineloquent by the impartial grasp of death, every scribbler on both sides of the Atlantic, of the real Amos Cottle stamp, possessing that principle "which writhes at another's good, and hates that excellency it cannot reach," nobly commenced heaping upon the public biographical sketches of him. Now it is easy to see through the transparent productions of those men whose heads are so phrenologically top heavy. Inspired by the recent impulse of envy and enlisted by that sordid selfishness which assimilates the enlight-

ened man to the New Zelandier, the commonplace editors and petty writers of both Europe and America, "who are ever strong on the strongest side of vulgarity," leveled their whole artillery of meanness, and arrows barbed with the fire of enthusiasm at the invulnerable breast of the English poet. Through these filthy canals, most of the American citizens, who have not examined the poet's own works, have formed their ideas concerning him. And be it said, to the blush of some of the first characters of the country, they have been deterred from an examination of his works by such party-spirited individuals. It is not contended that Byron is to be applauded for all his proceedings, or that his character was free from some of those defects incumbent on human nature. But it is believed that those individuals who were, and still are so eager in misrepresentation with regard to him, are in a moral light, pusillanimous.

Towering genius, engaged even in a diametrically opposite cause from our own, and following that with a burning avidity, is neither to be disreputed nor frowned upon; and those persons who compare the productions and manner of dying of any literary character, in order to draw an argument in favor of their own favorite opinions, commit an error, pardonable on no other ground, than being the result of bad education. S.

AN EVENING SKETCH.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Original.

Now the gold-bespangled West
Hangs its curtained folds on high,
Now sweetly sinks the sun to rest
Adown the western sky!
While thought rolls back to meet the morn
And tread anew the dewy lawn,
Where incense-breathing zephyrs play
And rosy light leads in the day.

Twilight spreads its dusky rays
Darkly o'er the village green,
Whilst MEMORY backward fondly strays
Through life's gay fleeting dream;
And fresh o'er fancy's mirrored glass
The fleeting forms of childhood pass—
Though long, long fled from human eye,
These cherished scenes can never die.

MEMORY spreads her magic wing
O'er the hurrying stream of time,
And on the distant shadows flings
The rays of light divine.
I see the distant mansion rise,
Where day first met my infant eyes—
I walk along its antique halls,
And gaze upon its sculptured walls.

Now in distant prospect seen,
Childhood's artless, busy throng
Are sporting round the little green,
The aged trees among.
There Fancy's eye can fondly trace
A former friend in every face;
But now, alas, how few remain!
How few on earth will meet again!

Lovely vision, stay, O! stay,
Fairest of the youthful fair,
Thy cheek was brighter than the day,
"More beautiful than air."
Ere MEMORY learned her magic art,
Thy image dwelt within my heart;
And long the sacred pledge was given,
Ere Fate recalled thee back to heaven.

Visioned forms before me rise;
Youthful pleasures live in air;
When reason wakes, delusion flies,
And leaves me in despair—
The shades of night around me fly;
Her pale dim lamps are hung on high;
But in the dusky-bosomed East,
The promised star of morning rests.

Soon the circlet of the morn
O'er the mountain's peering height
Shall spread the fleecy robes of dawn
And breathe the purple light;
So when a transient joy is past,
Its baseless form eludes our grasp—
But far beyond the fleeting dream,
HOPE sheds its soft and heavenly beam.

Yonder, heaven's ethereal bow
Arches o'er the distant glade—
In vain the thoughtless lads pursue
Th' illusive phantom's shade—
What is't that charms th' enraptured sight?
'Tis HOPE's bright ray of sacred light,
Whilst o'er the Future's distant scenes,
It shines with kind, inviting beams.

Gathering clouds obscure the morn,
Deep and dark their drap'ry folds;
But ere they meet the mid-day sun,
Away their vapor rolls:
So on the present clouds of woe,
Sweet HOPE erects her glittering bow,
And far beyond the yawning tomb,
She waves her light, fantastic plume.

Death may snatch the loveliest form,
Angel of our youthful love,
But HOPE can raise her from the tomb,
Through Fancy's realms to rove.
There HOPE prolongs the fleeting hour;
There freshly rears the nuptial bower;
And there she spreads, in endless bloom,
A sinless Eden's sweet perfume. M.

WIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

Sir Thomas Moore was united to a woman of the harshest temper, and the most sordid manners. To soften the moroseness of her disposition, he persuaded her to play on the flute, viol, and other instruments, every day. Whether it was that she had no ear for music, she herself never became harmonious as the instrument she touched. The lady of Samuel Clarke, the great compiler of books in 1680, whose name was anagrammatised "to suck all cream," alluding to his indefatigable labors in sucking all the cream of every other author, without having any cream himself, is described by her husband as having the most sublime conceptions of his illustrious compilers.—This appears by her behaviour. He says, "that she never rose from table without mak-

ing him a curtesy, nor drank to him without bowing, and that his word was a law to her.—The wife of Rohault, when her husband gave lectures on the philosophy of Descartes, used to set herself on these days at the door, and refused admittance to every one shabbily dressed, or who did not discover a genteel air. So convinced was she, that, to be worthy of hearing the lectures of her husband, it was proper to be fashionable. In vain our good lecturer exhausted himself in telling her that fortune does not always give fine clothes to philosophers.—*Gloucester Dem.*



CONCORD, FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1835.

Edited by an Association of Gentlemen.

N. H. LEGISLATURE. This body assembled at the capital in this town on the 3d inst. The Senate organized by the choice of the Hon. Charles F. Gove, President, Asa Fowler, Clerk, and Ira A. Eastman, Assistant Clerk. In the House, Hon. Charles G. Atherton was elected Speaker, Charles Lane, Clerk, and Andrew Freese Assistant Clerk. Little important business has yet been done, though considerable has been introduced, and passed stages. The most deeply and generally interesting subjects, on which legislative action will be had, are the abolition of Capital Punishment, and the establishment of a Lunatic Asylum.

Though perhaps there may be less speaking during the session, than on some former similar occasions, we apprehend much may be accomplished for the public advantage. Seldom have we seen congregated among us so intelligent and business-like a Legislature, and we are confident it is equalled by that of few other States in the Union. Well may the people rejoice in the selection of such servants, and with equal justness may the latter be proud of the most virtuous, enlightened and patriotic constituents under heaven.

We have heretofore expressed a favorable opinion both in relation to the abolition of death as a punishment for crime, and the erection of an institution for the relief of the unfortunate insane. Committees on both subjects have been appointed in both branches of the Legislature, and from the known ability of their members we trust due consideration will be given them. If an appropriation be not made for a Hospital, we shall be woefully disappointed.

PHRENOLOGY.

On Tuesday evening of Election week, Dr. Mussey of Hanover, Professor of Anatomy in Dartmouth College, delivered a lecture in the Town Hall in Concord, in which he undertook to demolish this science *sans ceremonie*. He stated that the phrenological doctrine was opposed to the known laws of anatomy, rejected by a majority of anatomists in all countries, contradicted by comparative anatomy and by plain facts, and many other things which we have not time to mention. That he did not succeed in proving all his assertions to our satisfaction, is perhaps of little consequence, since he drew from the Editor of the Statesman the encomium that "he was a ripe scholar," and "phrenologists will find him a hard one;" and the truly learned, witty, and vivacious Editor of the N. H. Observer declares, that, "from what he heard and understood, Phrenology appears to be, just what he always thought it—an *ignis fatuus*."

Whether the Dr. can prostrate, at "one fell swoop," what it cost Gall, and Spurzheim, and their followers, so much labor and patient research to establish, we leave to the decision of the Editors of the Statesman and Observer. We were sorry that he seemed to rely so much on the prejudices and prepossessions of his auditors, and particularly that he deemed ridicule a fit weapon to overthrow a philosophical science. At present we only add, that we hope the lecture will be published, as we believe some parts of it might be criticised with effect.

COLONIZATION AND ANTI-SLAVERY.

The claims of both the Abolition and Colonization Societies, to public confidence and countenance, were ably and eloquently presented to our citizens on Election week. Rev. Messrs. May, Gurley and Phelps were the principal speakers, and nobly advocated the causes they had respectively espoused. Mr. Gurley is the Secretary and Agent of the American Colonization Society, and assuredly a gentleman of very superior powers. Mr. May is also distinguished for his exertions in the Anti-Slavery cause, particularly for his late publications on that subject. We had not an opportunity of listening much of the time to the public discussion, but we were gratified by hearing the whole of Mr Gurley's two addresses on Saturday and Monday evenings last. Whatever he might think of immediate emancipation, we can hardly conceive how one

could depart from the addresses, without admitting the benevolence and unexceptionableness of Colonization. We imagine Mr G. did much to remove the prejudices, being disseminated in this State against the institution he defended through the misrepresentations and false assertions of its enemies; and, judging from appearances, he effected not less towards checking and repressing the spirit of Abolition, that had for some time dwelt unrebuked among us.

THE ALBANY BOUQUET AND LITERARY SPECTATOR is the name of a beautiful semi-monthly quarto publication, devoted to polite literature, under the management of Mr George Trumbull, Albany N. Y., the four first numbers of which are now on our table. We can in truth say we are highly pleased with the correct taste displayed in the work, and venture to predict for the Editor, what he already deserves, and we doubt not will continue to merit, an extensive patronage. Subscription price *one dollar per annum*, in advance.

PORTLAND MAGAZINE. We have not neglected to notice the two or three last numbers of this excellent periodical because they were less worthy than their predecessors; for the last well sustain the character and justify the commendation we have heretofore given the former. Mrs. Stephens is certainly deserving much praise for the talented and spirited manner in which she continues her efforts for the public edification, and if sterling worth and persevering industry, united with no common genius for literary composition, can ensure the constant and liberal support of the community, we are sure she will receive it. We shall enrich our next by one of her productions.

The Catholic church at present consists of 671 bishops, 55 cardinals and 12 patriarchs. The present Pope who is 73 years of age, has created six new bishoprics, 1 in Belgium, 1 in Westphalia, 2 in the United States and 2 in Naples.

The Chester County (Pa.) Register represents the prospect of winter crops throughout the County, as very good; though it is supposed that in some other parts of Pennsylvania the prospect of the wheat crop is rather indifferent, in consequence of the hard winter.—The rye appears to have come off better.

It is said that Wm. G. Jones, lately arrested in Baltimore on a charge of robbing the Post Office in that city, having been released from jail, in consequence of the requisite bail in his case being given, has fled from the country and sailed for South America.—*Alex. Gaz.*

POETRY.

MAY—A FRAGMENT.

Original.

Fair blooming May with wonted grace,
Has o'er the earth her mantle spread,
While nature with a smiling face
Appears, in all her charms array'd.

Pregnant with sweets the zephyrs bland,
The verdant vales are winding through,
And Flora with a lavish hand,
Does o'er the fields her flow'rets strew.

The busy bee in search of flowers,
Now soars upon its little wings,
While birds beneath the shady bowers,
Are pouring forth their sweetest strains.

Now Nature's Child with rapturous joy,
Doth wander o'er the verdant fields,
And tastes the sweets that never cloy—
The bounteous sweets that Nature yields.

RURAL BARD.

New-Hampton, May 1835.

MISCELLANY.

THE THEATRE.

With respect to comedy, our objections are not so great, but still in this department of the drama, there is much which is offensive to correct morals. Modern comedies are generally founded upon some vice or frailty in one or more of the *dramatis personæ*, and we are treated to the exhibitions of drunkenness, parental disobedience, or perhaps a caricature of things which every virtuous mind reveres as sacred. In our own city, in the very theatre, which is now soliciting the patronage of a virtuous population, we saw, not many months since, a popular actor play the part of a preacher, mount his pulpit and harangue his auditory in a style marked by that zeal and earnestness which characterize many of the ministers of the everlasting gospel; the manager himself attempted to represent the character of the hypocritical preacher, whilst both actors uttered the sacred name, quoted sacred writ, and retailed obscenities with a flippancy which would have shamed an infidel. Yet the outrage was endured, and as each successive and progressively daring blasphemy and obscenity, rolled from their tongues, the audience made the welkin ring with their plaudits.

A fine school of morality indeed if such are the lessons which it teaches. We would sooner think of sending a young man to a gin-shop or a penitentiary to learn morals, for there he might be disgusted with the pollution around him, but the meretricious tinsel of the theatre has a splendor which fascinates, blinds, and ensnares him until his reason and the force of a moral education are swallowed up in the whirlpool of dissipation and debauchery towards which he is unconsciously progressing.

It has been urged in favor of the theatre that its exhibitions represent nature, that they are the transcripts of life and manners as they occur in the world; hence is urged the utility

of learning life through this medium. This argument is so futile even admitting the truth of the propositions upon which it is based, that we will not now stop to controvert it; the premises however deserve some attention. To show how very foreign the manners of the stage are to those which obtain in refined society, it will only be necessary to imagine the exceedingly ridiculous and contemptible figure, which any lady or gentleman would make if they were to attempt to transplant the flippant and unnatural manners of the stage to the drawing room; would any lady of common sense and discretion, attempt the hop-skip-and-jump, the boisterous laughter and the loose language of comedy, or the stately and measured tread, the tear-cat attitudes and frowning looks of tragedy in the social circle, or would any gentleman of manly sense and virtue, make love to a lady, after the fashion which belongs to the stage. How superlatively ridiculous such a display would be, and how richly the actor would merit a straight jacket and a lunatic's cell.—*Pittsburgh Friend*.

GENIUS, TALENT, AND CLEVERNESS. Genius rushes like a whirlwind. Talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses. Cleverness skims like a swallow in a summer evening, with a sharp shrill note, and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever fellow dances here, there, and every where, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories—the clever man assails the individual, and slanders private character; but the man of genius despises both; he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded by the consciousness of his own strength—he interferes with none, and walks forth as an example that “eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together.” It is true that should a poisonous worm cross his path, he may tread it under foot; should a cur snarl at him, he may chastise it; but he will not, cannot, attack the privacy of another. Clever men write *verses*, men of talent *prose*, but the man of genius writes *poetry*.

FEMALE SOCIETY. You know my opinion (said John Randolph) of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with ten fold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time in life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from pollution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that “wear well.” One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasure. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children round him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

The fifty-second number of the Republic of Letters will close the first year of the work. It was commenced as an experiment—the liberal patronage it has received, as well as the favor bestowed upon other works of a like kind which have followed in its track, shows that the plan of the work is approved, and has given it a permanency which induces the publisher to make such alterations and improvements as he believes will be acceptable to subscribers, and give it a further claim upon the reading community.

Since the work has been in the hands of the present publisher, he has endeavored to ascertain as far as practicable, the views of the subscribers in relation to one or two matters important to the interest of the work.

The first is in relation to a change in its form. It has been the opinion of the present publisher from the first, that the octavo form—being one half the present size, would be preferable; and he is gratified that the subscribers with whom he has been enabled to confer, have almost unanimously expressed the same opinion. The form of the work will therefore be changed at the commencement of the second year to octavo, each number containing thirty-two pages.

The second point is, in relation to the selections for the work. The opinions of subscribers in this are extremely various—so much so as to render it impossible to satisfy all. Thus far it has been our object to give as much variety as possible, and at the same time to introduce into each volume one or two works of some magnitude. Some objection has been made to works which necessarily occupy from eight to ten numbers—as far as practicable this will in future be avoided.

The “Republic of Letters” is a reprint of Standard Literature; works, therefore, that are new and ephemeral, are necessarily excluded.

The future volumes will embrace more of historical works, biography, and travels, than hitherto.

The first number of the second year will contain “Elihu,” by Charles Lamb, one of the most beautiful and popular works of the time—to be followed by Voltaire’s Peter the Great—Calamities of Authors, by D’Israeli, &c.; and in the course of the volume will be published some volumes of History, prepared under the superintendence of Dr. Lardner, by Sir Walter Scott, T. Moore, Esq. Mackintosh, and others.

The work will be published weekly as heretofore, at 6 1-4 cents per number, at three dollars per year to those who receive the work by mail, and pay in advance. Post Masters throughout the United States are requested to act as agents.

All subscribers who now receive the work by mail, are requested to forward their subscription for the second year if they wish the work continued to them.

The two volumes contain the following works, and may be had, bound or in numbers:—

The Man of Feeling, by Mackenzie; The Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith; The Tales of the Hall, by Crabbe; The Letters of Lady Wortley Montague; Rasselas, by Dr. Johnson; Castle of Otranto, by Horace Walpole; The Old English Baron, by Clara Reeve; Dr. Franklin’s Life and Essays; Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, by Wilson; The Adventures of Gil Blas, from the French of Le Sage, by Smollet; Julia de Boubigne, by Mackenzie; Mazeppa, by Lord Byron; The Tapestry Chamber, by Walter Scott; The Dream of Eugene Aram, by Hood; Zeluco, by Dr. Moore; Essays, moral, economical, and political, by the Lord Chancellor Bacon; Chevy Chase; L’Allegro, by Milton; Il Penseroso, by Milton; Italian and Spanish Proverbs; The History of Charles XII., by Voltaire; Manfred, by Lord Byron; Ali’s Bride, a Tale by T. Moore, Esq.; Elizabeth, by Mad. Cotton; Retaliation, by Goldsmith; The Man of the World, by Mackenzie; Gulliver’s Travels, by Swift; Essay on the human understanding, by Locke; Don Quixote, by Cervantes; Memoirs of Prince Eugene, by himself; The Diary of an Invalid; The Deserted Village, by Goldsmith; Life of Henry Lord Bolingbroke; Belisarius, by Marmontel.

All communications relating to the work to be addressed to the subscriber, GEO. DEARBORN, Publisher, 38 Gold Street.

All publishers of Newspapers throughout the United States, who will insert the above and forward a copy of the paper, shall receive the work for one year, commencing with the second year.

Subscriptions received at this office.